

Folk Songs for Young Folk

Animals

Vol. 1.

sung by

Alan Mills



The Mallard

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Alphabet Song • One More River • Mistress Bond • Carrion Crow
Robin Sat on a Cherry Tree • The Barnyard Song • Three Little Pigs
Tailor and the Mouse • Bingo • A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go
The Birds' Ball • I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly

M
1997
M657
F666
1956
v.1

MUSIC LP

ANIMALS

Vol. 1

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Folk Songs for Young Folk

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Alan Mills

Guitarist - Gilbert Lacombe

Side 1 Band 1

An easy way to learn the Alphabet.

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ALPHABET SONG

A's for the Ant, and
B's for the Bee
C's for the Cat, and
D for Doggie
E's for the Elephant
F for the Frog,
G's for the Goose, and
H for the Hog,
I-J-K come next in line,
But these we'll skip, for
they're difficult to rhyme,
L's for the Lamb, and
M's for the Mule,
N's for the Nanny-goat,
O for the Owl,
P is for Polecat,
Q for the Quail,
R for the Rat, and
S for the Snail,
U and V come next in line,
Skip these two just to save a little time,
Double-you's next,
And it stands for Whale,
X is a Cross, and
Y has a tail,
Z is for Zebra,
It can't be wrong,
And that is the end of this silly little song.

The animals went in two by two, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Crocodile and the Kangaroo, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

The animals went in three by three, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The tall Giraffe and the tiny Flea, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in four by four, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Hippopotamus stuck in the door, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

The animals went in five by five, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Bees mistook the Bear for a hive, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

The animals went in six by six, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Monkey was up to his usual tricks, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

The animals went in sev'n by sev'n, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
Said the Ant to the Elephant: "Who're ye shovin'!" THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER
TO CROSS.

The animals went in eight by eight, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
Some were early and some were late, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

The animals went in nine by nine, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
They all formed fours and marched in line, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

The animals went in ten by ten, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
If you want any more I will sing it again, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

ONE MORE RIVER AND THAT'S THE RIVER OF JORDAN.
ONE MORE RIVER. THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

Side 1 Band 2

The story of Noah's Ark has inspired many folk songs.
This one lends itself very well to participation.
All the capitalized lines may be sung by everyone.
Some also prefer to repeat the chorus after each verse.

Old Noah once he built the ark, THERE'S ONE MORE
RIVER TO CROSS.
And patched it up with hickory bark, THERE'S ONE MORE
RIVER TO CROSS.

ONE MORE RIVER AND THAT'S THE RIVER OF JORDAN,
ONE MORE RIVER. THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

He anchored the ark to a great big rock, THERE'S ONE MORE
RIVER TO CROSS,
And then he began to load his stock. THERE'S ONE MORE
RIVER TO CROSS.

ONE MORE RIVER, AND THAT'S THE RIVER OF JORDAN,
ONE MORE RIVER. THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

The animals went in one by one, THERE'S ONE MORE
RIVER TO CROSS,
The Elephant chewing a caraway bun, THERE'S ONE MORE
RIVER TO CROSS.

Side 1 Band 3

An English nursery song, to which I have added the last verse,
because I wanted the ducklings to win out over Mistress Bond.

MISTRESS BOND

Oh, what shall we have for dinner, Mistress Bond,
There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the pond,
Crying: Dilly-dilly-dilly-dilly, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled.

"John Oastler, go fetch me a duckling or two.
John Oastler, go fetch me a duckling or two.
Crying: Dilly-dilly, dilly-dilly, come to be killed.
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled.

I have been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond:
But they refuse to come to be killed, Mistress Bond,
I cried: "Come little ducklings, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled."

Mistress Bond, she went down to the pond in a rage,
With her apron full of onions, and her pockets full of sage,
She cried: "Come little ducklings, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled."

Said the ducklings politely, "No thank you, Mistress Bond,
We will not come to dinner, we like our little pond,
We are wise little ducklings, we won't be killed,
No! - We won't be stuffed, nor your customers filled!"

Side 1 Band 4

One of the best known, and, I think, one of the most beautiful
of all children's songs.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow, with my little arrow.
I killed Cock Robin.

CHORUS: All the birds in the air fell a-sighin' and a-sobbin'
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly, with my little eye,
I saw him die.

CHORUS

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull, because I can pull.
I'll toll the bell.

CHORUS

Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle, with my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud.

CHORUS

Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl, with my little trowel,
I'll dig his grave.

CHORUS

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook, with my bell and book,
I'll be the parson.

CHORUS

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove, I'll mourn for my love.
I'll be chief mourner.

CHORUS

Side 1 Band 5

A happier song of our feathered friends. This song is very
popular in the junior grades of Canadian schools.

THE BIRDS' BALL

The brook once said to the nightingale,
I mean to give you birds a ball
Pray invite the birdies all
The birds and birdies, great and small,

CHORUS: Tra-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la,

Soon they came from bush and tree,
Singing sweet their songs of glee,
Each one fresh from its cosy nest,
Each one dress'd in its Sunday best... Tra-la-la-la-la-.....

The wren and the cuckoo danced for life,
The raven waltzed with the yellow bird's wife,
The awkward owl, and the bashful jay,
Wished each other a very good day... Tra-la-la-la-la-.....

The wood pecker came from his hole in the tree,
and brought his bill to the company,
For cherries ripe and berries red,
"Tis a very-long bill!" - so the birdies said... Tra-la-la-la-
They danced all day till the sun was low,
Then the mother birds prepared to go,
So one and all, both great and small,
Flew to their nests from the birdies' ball... Tra-la-la-la-la.

Side 1 Band 6

An American game song of the cumulative variety, which can be
longer if desired.

THE BARNYARD SONG

I had a Cat and the Cat pleased me,
I fed my Cat under yonder tree, CAT GOES fiddle-i-fee.

I had a Hen, and the Hen pleased me,
I fed my Hen under yonder tree,
HEN GOES cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck, CAT GOES fiddle-i-fee.

I had a Duck, and the Duck pleased me,
I fed my Duck under yonder tree. DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck, CAT GOES fiddle-i-fee.

I had a Goose, and the Goose pleased me,
I fed my Goose under yonder tree,
GOOSE GOES swishy-swashy, DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck, CAT GOES fiddle-i-fee.

I had a Sheep and the Sheep pleased me,
I fed my Sheep under yonder tree,
SHEEP GOES baaa-baaa;
GOOSE GOES swishy-swashy, DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck, CAT GOES fiddle-i-fee.

I had a Hog, and the Hog pleased me,
I fed my Hog under yonder tree,
HOG GOES griffy-gruffy; SHEEP GOES baaa-baaa,
GOOSE GOES swishy-swashy; DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck, CAT GOES fiddle-i-fee.

I had a Cow, and the Cow pleased me,
I fed my Cow under Yonder tree,
COW GOES Moo-moo,
HOG GOES griffy-gruffy; SHEEP GOES baaa-baaa,
GOOSE GOES swishy-swashy; DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck, CAT GOES fiddle-i-fee.

I had a Turkey, he pleased me,
I fed my Turkey under yonder tree,
TURKEY GOES gibby-gob, gibby-gob; COW GOES moo-moo,
HOG GOES griffy-gruffy, SHEEP GOES baaa-baaa,
GOOSE GOES swishy-swashy, DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck, CAT GOES fiddle-i-fee.

Side 2 Band 1

An American folk song with a "moral", and fun to sing with a
group assisting in the "OCH-OCH-OCH's" and the "WEE-WEE-WEE's".

THREE LITTLE PIGS

There was an old sow who had three little pigs,
And three little piggies had she,
She waddled around saying "OCH-OCH-OCH"
And the little pigs said: "Wee-Wee-Wee!"

Now, one day, one of these three little pigs,
To the other two piggies said he:
"From now on, let's always say: "OCH-OCH-OCH"
It's so childish to say: "Wee-wee-wee"....

Now, these little piggies grew skinny and lean,
As lean they might very-well be,
For somehow they couldn't say: "OCH-OCH-OCH"
And they wouldn't say: "Wee-wee-wee"....

Then these little piggies, they up and they died,
They died of the feel-o-dee-zee,
From tryin' too hard to say: "OCH-OCH-OCH"
When they only could say: "Wee-wee-wee"....

A moral there is to this sad little tale,
A moral that's easy to see,
Just don't ever try to say: "OCH-OCH-OCH"
When you only should say: "Wee-wee-wee"....

Side 2 Band 2

An American version of an old English folk song.

THE CARRION CROW

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do,
Watchin' a tailor mendin' his cloak,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do.

Oh, wife, oh wife, bring here my bow,
Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do,
That I may shoot that carrion crow,
Caw-caw the carrion crow, Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do.

The tailor, he fired, but he missed his mark,
Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do,
And he shot his old sow right bang thru' the heart,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do.

The tailor, he ran to the old sow's side,
Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do,
And he called to his wife, and thus he cried:
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do.

"Oh wife, oh wife, bring brandy in a spoon,
Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do,
For our old sow is down in a swoon,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do.

But the old sow died, and the bells did toll,
Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do,
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-down-derry-di-do.

Side 2 Band 3

An English folksong.

THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE

There was a tailor had a mouse, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle...
They lived together in one house, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.
Hi-diddle-um-cum-tarum-tantum, thru the town of Ramsay.
Hi-diddle-um-cum over the lea, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.

The tailor thought his mouse was ill, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle...
So he gave him part of a little blue pill, Hi-diddle-um-cum...
Hi-diddle-um-cum-tarum-tantum, thru the town of Ramsay.
Hi-diddle-um-cum over the lea, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.

The tailor thought that his mouse would die, Hi-diddle-um-cum...
So he baked him in an apple pie, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.
Hi-diddle-um-cum-tarum-tantum, thru the town of Ramsay.
Hi-diddle-um-cum over the lea, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.

When the pie was cut, the mouse ran out, Hi-diddle-um-cum...
The tailor followed him all about, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle,
Hi-diddle-um-cum-tarum-tantum, thru the town of Ramsay,
Hi-diddle-um-cum over the lea, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.

The mouse ran here, the mouse ran there, Hi-diddle-um-cum...
Until he tripped and fell downstairs, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.
Hi-diddle-um-cum-tarum-tantum, thru the town of Ramsay.
Hi-diddle-um-cum over the lea, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.

The tailor found that his mouse was dead, Hi-diddle-um-cum...
So he caught another one in his stead, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.
Hi-diddle-um-cum-tarum-tantum, thru the town of Ramsay.
Hi-diddle-um-cum over the lea, Hi-diddle-um-cum-feedle.

Side 2 Band 4

One of the many variants of a 16th Century English folk song
that was first published under the title "The Marriage of the
Frogge and the Mouse."

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

A frog he would a-woeing go, Hey-ho says Roley,
A frog he would a-woeing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

So off he set with his opera hat, Hey-ho says Roley,
So off he set with his opera hat,
And on the way he met Mr. Rat,
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

They rode till they came to Mousey Hall, Hey-ho says Roley,
They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
And there they both did knock and call,
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

Pray Mistress Mouse are you within? - Hey-ho says Roley,
Pray Mistress Mouse are you within?
"Oh yes, sir, here I sit and spin".
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

Then Mistress Mouse she did come down, Hey-ho says Roley,
Then Mistress Mouse she did come down,
All smartly dressed in a russet gown,
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

"Pray Mister Frog, will you sing me a song? Hey-ho says Roley,
Pray Mister Frog, will you sing me a song,
It needn't be short, and it needn't be long,
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

I'm sorry I can't, replied Mr. Frog, Hey-ho says Roley,
I'm sorry I can't, replied Mr. Frog,
For-a-cold has made me as hoarse as a hog!
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

"Since you have a cold, the little mouse said, Hey-ho says Roley,
Since you have a cold, the little mouse said,
Then I will sing you a song instead,
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

Then, all at once, with a terrible din, Hey-ho says Roley,
Then, all at once, with a terrible din,
The cat and the kittens came tumbling in,
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

The cat, she seized Mr. Rat by the crown, Hey-ho says Roley,
The cat, she seized Mr. Rat by the crown,
The kittens, they pulled Miss Mousie down,
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright, Hey-ho says Roley,
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
So he picked up his hat, and he wished them "goodnight"
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

But as he was hoppin' over the brook, Hey-ho says Roley,
But as he was hoppin' over the brook,
A lilly-white duck came and gobbled him up
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

So there's an end of one-two-and-three, Hey-ho says Roley,
So there's an end of one-two-and-three,
The rat, the mouse, and the little froggie.
With a roley-poley, gammon and spinnach, Hey-ho says Anthony Roley.

Side 2 Band 5

An English game song of the cumulative variety, it can be made longer by adding wings, neck, head, tail, etc.

THE MALLARD

Oh I hev-a-et, oh what hev-I-et, I've et the toe of me mallard,
"Tis a toe-toe, nippers an'all,
Oh I hev-a-et of me mallardy-o, so goodem it was me mallard.

Oh I hev-a-et, oh what hev-I-et, I've et the foot of me mallard,
A foot-foot, a toe-toe, nippers an'all,
Oh I hev-a-et of me mallardy-o, so goodem it was me mallard.

Oh I hev-a-et, oh what hev-I-et, I've et the leg of me mallard,
A leg-leg, a foot-foot, a toe-toe, nippers an'all,
Oh I hev-a-et of me mallardy-o, so goodem it was me mallard.

Oh I hev-a-et, oh what hev-I-et, I've et the knee of me mallard,
A knee-knee, a leg-leg, a foot-foot, a toe-toe, nippers an'all,
Oh I hev-a-et of me mallardy-o, so goodem it was me mallard.

Oh I hev-a-et, oh what hev-I-et, I've et the thoy of me mallard,
A thoy-thoy, a knee-knee, a leg-leg,
A foot-foot, a toe-toe, nippers an'all,
Oh I hev-a-et of me mallardy-o, so goodem it was me mallard.

Oh I hev-a-et, oh what hev-I-et, I've et the rump of me mallard,
A rump-rump, a thoy-thoy, a knee-knee, a leg-leg,
A foot-foot, a toe-toe, nippers an'all,
Oh I hev-a-et of me mallardy-o, so goodem it was me mallard.

Side Band 6

A spelling song.

LITTLE BINGO

A farmer's dog jumped over the stile,
His name was little Bingo,
B with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O.
B - I - N - G - O -, his name was little Bingo.

The farmer loved a pretty young lass,
He bought her a wedding ring-o-o.
R with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O.
R - I - N - G - O, he bought her a wedding ring-o.

The farmer had a very good voice,
And he did like to sing-o.
S with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O.
S - I - N - G - O, and he did like to sing-o.

Now, isn't this a jolly good song,
I think it is, by jingo!
J with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O.
J - I - N - G - O, I think it is, by jingo!

Side 2 Band 7

A nonsense song of the cumulative variety, with a surprise ending that never fails to get a laugh.

I KNOW AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY by Alan Mills

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a bird,
Now, how absurd!...to swallow a bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cat!
Now, fancy that!...to swallow a cat!
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a dog!
My, what a hog!...to swallow a dog!
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a goat!
She just opened her throat and swallowed a goat!
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cow!
I don't know how she swallowed a cow!
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a horse!...
She's dead....of course!.....